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### The Troubeurs and Troubadours. *By Leonard*

"The smoothness of the Provençal dialect, partaking strongly of the Latin, naturally disposed the inhabitants to cultivate the art of poetry, and to value and foster the genius of those who distinguished themselves by attaining excellence in it. Troubadours, i. e. *finders* or *inventors*, arose in every class from the lowest to the highest, and success in their art dignified men of the meanest rank, and added fresh honours to those who were born in the patrician file of society."

SCOTT.

WE know of no country whose early poets can be compared with those of France. In naiveté of thought and sweetness of expression they are certainly unrivalled, while the vast number of their writings yet extant, attest that in mere quantity (the Flemish standard of poetical perfection) they are by no means found wanting.

The student who ventures for the first time upon the perusal of these almost forgotten writers, will find that they present a phenomena unparalleled in the history of literature. That men who were in every sense of the word true poets, should have sprung up in the darkness of the tenth century need not surprise us, but that they, after wearing the brightest garlands which the garden of poesy could yield, and after receiving the homage of those whom we have been taught to consider as the master-minds of Italy and England; should have vanished as if by magic, and their very language be forgotten, seems at first sight inexplicable.

But a reference to the history of France will explain this difficulty. After the long train of evils into which error and ignorance had plunged the un-

fortunate inhabitants of Southern Europe, the anarchy of the tenth century with its never failing accompaniment of war, put the finishing stroke to their calamities, and completely brutalized them. The next century saw studies spring up, which though bad in themselves and perhaps as fruitful in error as in superstition, were nevertheless well fitted to draw their minds from the lethargy into which they had fallen. The pontificate of Gregory the Third with its accompanying contest of Church and State, produced a universal movement, while chivalry at this time opened a career to glory, where virtue added lustre to the splendour of military renown.

If we add to these different causes, the excitement produced by the first crusade, we can readily conceive, that the popular mind when once aroused from its slumbers and rendered susceptible to the influences of gallantry and romance, should lend a ready welcome to the voice of the minstrel. About this time too, the Provençal language began to gain an ascendancy over the ruder dialects, which had succeeded the Latin tongue. Its firm yet melodious intonations were well adapted to lyrical poetry, and we accordingly find the Troubadours confining themselves solely to this species of composition.

The earlier Troubadours were all, generally speaking, men of rank. Guilhelm—the first of whom any record has been preserved, was not only Count of Poitou, but also Duke of Aquitania, and Bertrand de Ventadour, with his contemporaries had all distinguished themselves in the council chamber and field of battle. Their intercourse with the Moors of Spain had rendered them familiar with the lighter kind of versification, as well as the invention of rhyme, and no sooner had they introduced this new art of poetry into France than all at once united in its praise. No knight or lady could then be considered as accomplished, without a knowledge of Provençal poetry. Kings and nobles of the highest rank vied with each other in loading them with gifts, and no court could be complete, unless distinguished Troubadours were numbered among its retainers, for the monarchs of those days knew well, “that to insure immortality, one must have a poet for a friend.” The fair sex also, emulated their lords in bestowing upon them such rewards as were in their power, and this Trou-

badour mania was carried to such an excess that every lady at all eminent for rank or beauty had her poet.

This was the golden age of the Troubadours. At this time we can see distinctly the influence which romance exerted upon both sexes, while the gentlemen were occupied with tilts and tournaments, the ladies held their courts of love and trials of wit, where love-lorn damsels brought suits against their recreant swains, and where lovers in their turn prosecuted coquettish damsels.\* These meetings were actually held, and this fact only affords another proof of the great influence which the Troubadour poetry then had upon all classes.

The proceedings of these courts were generally recorded by some celebrated Provençal minstrel, and we can bear witness that such of these reports as we have read, are extremely interesting, not only from the naïf and graphic manner in which they are narrated, but also from the insight into the manners and customs of the age which they afford. It was usual at these Cours d'Amour to give some love question for debate—the disputants being obliged to clothe their arguments in extempore verse. We take the liberty of giving a long prose version of one of these *jeux-partis*, as they were termed.

"Listen fair ladies, I am about to relate an interesting adventure which happened to two Castilian knights the lords of a magnificent chateau.

"It is necessary to determine which of the two conducted himself best, they being placed in a predicament which obliged them to choose between Love and Duty.

"These two knights were brothers, were inspired with the same courage, and were equally handsome and courteous. Loving two ladies famed for their rank and beauty there was nothing which they would not have done to prove their passion.

"They distinguished themselves in the tournament, they sent costly presents, and composed tender songs in honour of their mistresses.

"Thus did Renown exalt their names in public, while Love secretly endowed them with his choicest gifts.

\* Vide "The Court of Love," one of the most exquisite productions of the Troubadour Muse, now extant, published in the second vol. of "Poésies Occitaniques."

"The ladies whom they loved dwelt in a castle, some miles distant from their own.

"It happened, that one day, each lady sent a message to her cavalier, commanding him to meet her at a certain hour, and both of the knights promised to repair punctually to the rendezvous.

"But they were then at war with several powerful Barons, their neighbours, and fearing the loss of their heritage, had entered into an agreement which obliged one of them to dwell in the castle and defend it, while the other was absent. They undertook this duty alternately, and the one remaining at home, was also obliged to receive with hospitality and protect, all knights and pilgrims who might by chance be led thither. Each knight after receiving the message from his lady love, hastened to obtain permission from the other to depart.

"But both were equally inflexible, and after a few earnest entreaties, each persisted in his design. As the night was dark and stormy, and the wind bore upon its wings hail and snow, they flattered themselves that their enemies, knowing nothing of their absence, would make no attempt upon the castle; and after giving the strictest commands to their squires, not to open the gates to any one, they departed together.

"They had not travelled more than an hour, when in an obscure and almost impassable road, they heard the footsteps of men approaching. They drew behind a bush, in order to let them pass, and soon discovered that they were two unfortunate pilgrims, worn down with fatigue and care, but just escaped from brigands, who had attacked and robbed them; and it was easy to judge, from the complaints of one of the strangers, that he was grievously wounded.

"His companion who aided him in pursuing his course, exhorted him in these words, to take courage: 'One more effort, my friend, and we are safe. The castle of The Two Brothers is not far distant. Courtesy and hospitality have there established their dwelling place. Saint Julian bless them! Never were there in this world braver and better knights; we shall find them alive to our sufferings, and will be well received, well served and truly honored.'

"The two brothers who had heard this discourse, were at

the same time struck with joy and sadness; for while they were delighted at hearing these praises bestowed upon their virtues, they inly sighed to think that those who thus eulogized them, would find their gates shut. They exhorted each other in a low voice to return home, and thus hesitated between love and duty. At last the elder, summoning up resolution, suffered his brother to continue his route, and returned to the castle, where he arrived in time to welcome the pilgrims.

"Thus while one was intoxicated with the pleasures of love, the other consoled the unfortunate and assisted the poor.

"I now call upon you to decide which of the two knights was most deserving of praise, and showed the truest attachment to his lady?"

We think that at the present day no one could be at a moment's loss in deciding this question. But in the Middle Ages the case was far different—the lover was obliged in those chivalric days to consider the lightest word of his mistress as an implicit command, to be fulfilled at the risk of his life.

Lovers swear the same thing now—but they acted up to it then.

The question was decided in favour of the elder brother.

We have already spoken of the golden age of Troubadour poetry—the time when kings and nobles cultivated "La gaye Science," and those who had distinguished themselves in this art of "merrie minstrelsie," were honored among all classes. Let us now hasten to give an account of their decline and fall.

The Troubadours themselves attribute their downfall to the pernicious influence of the JONGLEURS, or ordinary minstrels. During the early ages of Provençal poetry, it was usual for the Troubadour to roam *a l'aventure* from castle to castle, accompanied only by his Jongleur or minstrel, whose business it was to sing the songs composed by his master. Even when the Troubadour himself was a musician, an attendant of this kind was absolutely necessary to record his poems—for reading and writing formed no indispensable part of a poet's education in those days. The Jongleurs by dint of repeating these poems, found at last that they could make something of the same sort themselves. And from this we may date the downfall of the legitimate Troubadours.

For the Jongleurs who were persons of low birth, did not hesitate to add to their poetical acquirements, others of a less equivocal character;\* and they finally degenerated into mere jugglers and buffoons, whose verses were only employed to illustrate the vulgar tricks which they exhibited.

But notwithstanding the disgrace which the Troubadours incurred in being confounded with such low rhymesters, something of their ancient spirit still survived. Nor was it until the time of the Crusade against the Albigenses—a crusade which drenched the plains of Provence with its best blood, and extinguished so many noble families—that the Troubadours began to disappear; and then indeed they vanished with an unheard of rapidity. The fatal mandate uttered by the leaders of that crusade, to “slay without distinction—God will take care of his own,” was also a death-signal to the poets of Provence.

“Many of the Troubadours,” says a historian, “who were noble, but poor, found their sole means of subsistence in the hospitality and liberality of the nobles. They were now welcomed to desolate castles, whose masters had been ruined by war, and often driven to despair by the massacre of their families.” Many of the Troubadours themselves fought and perished in defence of liberty.

But a new school of poets had previously sprung up in the North of France, who are *now* generally known as the Trouveurs. They wrote in the “Langue d’Oeil,” or old French; and their productions, though wanting in the light and graceful characteristics of the Troubadours, were nevertheless far superior in many other respects.

Though they lacked that ease of expression which was peculiar to the Provençals, yet they surpassed them in deep and earnest thought. The *chauson* and *sirvente* of the Troubadour were only suited to Courts of Love, or ladies’ bowers; but the wild Gothic legends, and fervent *Coutes Devots* of the Trouveur, must have found a ready welcome in cottage and castle—for their style and subject were adapted to every ear.

There are many who look upon the Trouveurs as “poets good enough,” yet lacking all the chivalric, high-souled

\* Vide Sismondi’s “Literature of the South of Europe,” and Castello’s “Early Poetry of France,” also Pelaye’s “Histoire,” &c.

emotions with which their Provençal brethren were inspired. A very absurdity. No one hath yet accused them of lacking originality, and we think that even a superficial perusal of such Trouveur poems as have been rescued from oblivion by the French literati, will show that when they chose, they too could soar into those boundless regions of refined and exalted Platonic love for which the Troubadours were famed.

"Love—sovereign Love, mysterious and refined,  
Is the pure confluence of immortal mind ;  
Chaste union of two hearts by virtue wrought ;  
Where EACH seems EITHER in word, deed, and thought.  
Each singly to itself no more remains,  
BUT ONE WILL GUIDES—ONE COMMON SOUL SUSTAINS."

This is from the Trouveur lay of Sir Gruelan, and we doubt if any Troubadour ever wrote or sung a more refined and abstracted *idea* than this.

The literati of France have occasionally for the last sixty years, waged fierce war as to the respective merits of these schools. St. Pelaye, after devoting a life to their study, and collecting fifteen folio volumes, could arrive at no very satisfactory result, but seems to have been inclined to the Trouveurs. His follower Le Grand also contended for their superiority; and after publishing five volumes of badly selected fabliaux, left the world in greater doubt than ever. Sismondi, who seems to have been content with the results of other men's labours, and who made little or no search into the original sources of French poetry, was nevertheless sufficiently unprejudiced to point out the defects of the Troubadours. The great fault which pervades all the Provençal poetry is its sameness. All the songs of the Troubadours begin in the same style, and frequently in nearly the same words, as for example :

"Amb'lou printems coumence mei cansous,  
Quand aûz' cantar l'aïgrous é'la laûzeta ;  
Quand lou blaûet parey trà lei bouyssous,  
Que dins l'ourtil verdejo la floureta."

Or,

Bem'plaz lou gai tems de Pascour  
Que fai fieilhas é flours venire  
E plaz mi quand aûz 'la baûzour  
Dels aûssels, que fan retentire  
Lor cant per lou bouscatje.

That this constant allusion to the coming of spring, of birds, flowers and blossoms is beautiful, no one will deny, but the continual repetition of any idea or simile, however pleasant, is certainly no indication of inventive power.

It is true that the Troubadours excelled in variety of metre and versification, and we have some of their poems yet extant which rival Southey's productions in this respect. It is true also that they are unequalled in the sonnet, but although Boileau has declared that

"Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme,"

we think that it yet remains to be proved that the sonnet is the true test of poetical perfection.

But we would assume yet another point in defence of the Trouveurs. Many, forming their opinion from the perusal of Le Grand's Fabliaux, have rejected their lays as obscene and tiresome. To all such we can only say in the words of old Lily, the Euphuist, "*that in all things there is some goode and some bad, in all rivers there bee some fishe, some frogges.*"

It would be perhaps needless to hint that Le Grand, like a true Frenchman of the old regime, has contented himself with merely catching the "frogges."

Carlos.

### Pastourelle. *By Delcamp*

FROM THE PROVENÇAL.

"Ai! s'ave din nostre village,  
Un jouïn é tëndre pastorel,  
Qué vos gagn' an premié cop d'iel,  
E' pieï qu'à toujours vous engagé;  
Es moun ami, rendé lou mé;  
Ai soun amour el a ma fé."

Ah! were there in our village here,  
A sensible and tender youth;  
One who would ever hold me dear,  
And love with constancy and truth,  
Mine he shall be—come love to me;  
My faith and affection are plighted to thee.



If by his soft and tender voice  
 He wakes the echoing forest glades ;  
 Or if the music of his flute,  
 Moves the soft hearts of village maids,  
 Mine he shall be—come love to me,  
 My faith and affection are plighted to thee.

E'en if his bashfulness be such,  
 He dare not speak a word the while ;  
 Nay—if his awkward step and gait,  
 Provoke at times th' unwilling smile,  
 Yet mine he shall be—come love to me,  
 My faith and affection are plighted to thee.

The poor man passing near his cot,  
 Asks not for charity in vain ;  
 My gentle shepherd's heart is touched,  
 For oh, he loves not sordid gain,  
 Mine he shall be—come love to me,  
 My faith and affection are plighted to thee.

**Carlos.**

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CHEAP LITERATURE. *By Foulie*

—  
 " Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."  
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IN a country like ours, nothing can be of more vital importance than a chaste and refined literature. We are, from necessity, a busy, money-making people, and consequently cannot boast as many learned or well-read men as other nations, to whom age has given both wealth and solidity of character. Without resources, without patronage, we have not yet realized the "otium cum dignitate," so essential to literary pursuits; and, therefore, but few of our scholars can afford to devote themselves wholly to a profession which will scarcely obtain the means of subsistence. But notwithstanding all the difficulties under which we labour from not having a national literature, our Anglo-Saxon brotherhood renders us peculiarly blessed. We have access to the rich stores of English letters; we have the labours of others, in the various paths of knowledge, brought to our very doors, and in such a form too as

makes them easily attainable by the lowest as well as the highest. Every press in the land teems with "cheap republications" of the works of authors both in England and on the continent; and whole libraries can now be collected for what was once the cost of a single volume. Yet even this blessing brings its train of evils. Cheapness is never a positive proof of excellence. The bad is recklessly mixed with the good; and the question here arises, whether the benefits coming from this easy dissemination of knowledge, are not more than counterbalanced by the evils; or in other words, whether "cheap literature" will in the end prove advantageous to the mass of our people.

If we could be assured that all the works thus put into circulation, were of the best and purest kind, the question could be unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative. But this, unfortunately, is not the case. Where one good book is published in this form, a dozen bad ones find their way from the same source; thus corrupting the taste and the morals of the community. The increased demand calls upon the publishers for an increased supply; and as their object is to send forth those works only, which bring the greatest profit, they are never over scrupulous in their selections. The question asked is not, which book will do the most good; but which will be the most popular, and therefore the most in demand. In the hands of such men, the little Temple which we have already reared to the Goddess of Learning, has become indeed a second Pantheon; from whose altars, mingled with the better and purer incense, ascend the fumes of wicked and unholy sacrifices.

We grant that the cheapness of books enables the poorer and more ignorant classes to gain access to them; but is it better that their poor earnings should be expended upon heaps of cheap trash, rather than upon a few more expensive, and more valuable works. One volume of Shakspeare in a family—we care not how ignorant—will do more good than ten thousand volumes of such stuff as we see daily poured from the press. It is true we have "cheap Shakspeares" and "cheap Miltons" among the rest; but the very class of individuals for whom cheap literature is intended, will, in nine cases out of ten, purchase works of a lighter nature. They depend upon the taste of others, and do not discover their mistake until the mischief is done.

We do not mean by this to oppose the wide promulgation of learning. For this is neither the age, nor the country to uphold an opinion which is in direct contradiction to every Christian and enlightened view. Anything which tends to the education of the mass, to the improvement of the mind in its widest and most extended sense, is certainly conducive to good and glorious ends. But any system which carries us out of the old, legitimate track, and which promotes the mushroom growth, rather than the slow and steady germination of knowledge, should at least excite our suspicion.

Probably the worst effect produced by this flood of cheap books, is that it engenders a superficiality among us, which strikes at the very foundation of true learning, and thus retards our progress as a nation. We are led to regard quantity rather than quality; and with such a standard, it is impossible that we should ever attain to a great degree of real knowledge. By this rule, he is most to be envied, who is most crammed. Whether his meat be digested or not, must be left to chance, or the native strength and soundness of his various organs. The history of the world clearly shows that education must be gradual, or it cannot prove effectual. As there is no royal road to learning, so there can be no sudden leaps towards its attainment. "The great lights of the world" have not been those who knew the most, but those who have had the clearest conceptions of a few great and comprehensive generalities. Hence the necessity of caution in the dissemination of more mixed knowledge than the mass can find time or inclination to digest. The rich jewels in such a casket should be dispensed with a kind but discriminating hand.

It may be here argued that even books of a light character are beneficial, from the fact that many read these who would read nothing else, and thus acquire a taste which may lead them to take higher flights. But, to us nothing seems more dangerous than such reasoning. Is it thus you would educate a child? Would you please his taste with confections, that he may learn to love stronger food in his riper years? Such a course would hardly attain the desired end. The mischief would be done. A pernicious taste would be produced, which could not fail to be injurious in its consequences. The truth is, some other way must be

found to give men both good taste and good judgment, before they can be trusted in such an important matter. Give them the power of discrimination, and the inclination to virtue, and they are then safe. This can only be done by a careful selection of such ideas for their instruction, as will inevitably have a good influence upon them, as moral and intellectual beings.

Again, this cheap system is calculated to injure the growth of our native literature. It is true we have but little; but this little should meet with proper protection; and while the demand is supplied so cheaply from abroad, our home manufactures can be neither flourishing nor useful. Indeed not only our literature, but our science and art suffer from the same cause. Men who have devoted themselves to either of the latter pursuits, are often deterred from giving publicity to their discoveries, by the expense attendant upon the presentation of them in a respectable form; for unless published according to the prevailing taste, their sale is by no means sure. Thus incalculable injury is done to the cause of education: as where price is considered of so much importance, it fetters the efforts of those devoted to its advancement.

From what has been adduced, we would argue not only the propriety, but the necessity of such a provision, as would protect us from insidious speculators in lewd and dangerous books, and render those only accessible, which are of real, intrinsic worth. That an International Copyright law would effect this end, we have every reason to believe; acting not only as a safeguard from any infringement upon private rights, but benefitting the condition of our people by a wiser and better system of education. If such would be the effect of such a law, our educated men cannot too soon or too strenuously urge it upon the consideration of government. For it is to our educated men alone, that we can look in such a crisis. Theirs is a holy duty, as to them it must be committed to cleanse and purify our literature.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF GREAT MEN.

THE spirit of a people is the voice of humanity speaking through its institutions and customs. Most nations express some *idea* and this idea is the form and body of its civilization: it is not a dead substance, but a living, moving principle of action and progress, the developing of humanity in all its bearings upon science, art and morals; it both pervades and comprehends these. A nation is not a nation from its locality, nor from its soil, it is not a body of men brought together for some one or two great ends, and constituted for the mutual prosecution of those ends. This may do for a fabulous and chimerical explanation of the origin of society. It expresses more than this, it expresses the state of humanity and civilization in its era as revealed through itself. It is a broad community of interests, an identity of language, and literature, and religion, and arts. These give a people their distinctive features, these represent their nationality and form their living, substantial spirit or idea.

This idea then must be general and diffused through all institutions and manners, for in this alone identity and community consist. Hence every individual must be imbued with this spirit. But out of an assemblage of men, each of whom represents a spirit of unity, it is impossible but that some should partake of this idea more or less. This latter sort are mere individuals, no, there cannot be a mere individual. In individuality alone there is something selfish, pitiful and finite, something repugnant to unity and generality. Every man is a necessary man, yea, he is an essential man in his relation to his age, as much so as every part in the machinery of the natural world is essential to the workings of nature. He is the instrument of humanity, he represents in some degree the idea of his age, and his destiny is somehow wrapped up in that idea. Such men form the mass. The other sort represents more faithfully the idea of a people. Surely then, there must be some among these who are superior types of that idea. These men possess not individuality alone, they harmoniously combine generality with individuality, what is infinite with what is finite. They are land-marks of

the tide of human affairs, and stand forth conspicuous as the types of their age, as the great representatives of a people's *idea*. These incontestably are the great men, the heroes in a nation's history.

Every nation which represents an idea must have its great men, and hence any such nation must have its history. Believe it, Carlyle was right when he said "Surely a nation's history were the history of its great men." And look at the pages of history you see there nothing finite, no mere individuals acting a part in the grand drama of life, but heroes and demi-gods: there all is on a grand scale, all is great, all else is naught: surely a nation's history were the history of its great. You study philosophy, but after all it is not philosophy you study, but philosophers, for these are its symbols. You enter the school of Plato and Socrates, yet you go not there to learn philosophy, but to read the lineaments of humanity and morals as displayed in these great men; to study in the man the Athenian idea, the Athenian character and philosophy, for the Platonic dialogues embody the very essence of the Athenian spirit. "Philosophy is, and ever will be Plato and Aristotle." You must learn the history of these men, and of such men as Bacon, Newton, Adam Smith, and Locke, if you would understand philosophy; and you will find the perfect type of a most artistical and creative era in Phidias, Raphael, or Michael Angelo. Thus we see how great men reflect their age and form its history: and we can also see why some nations have no heroes and no history. It is because all is individuality among them, there is nothing general, no unity; they form no part in the advance of humanity, in fine they express no *idea*. The country from the Persian Mountains to the Chinese Sea is vast in its length and breadth, but we cannot lay our finger upon the place of one great man.

Let us next see in what sense a great man may be the product of his age. If he be the representative of the spirit of his age we may expect him whenever that spirit is aroused, in the overthrow of a dynasty, in the revolution or contest for any great principle, in the explosion of an old, and the discovery of a new theory, in science and religion, in any of the contests of humanity, when the spirits of the old and the new eras do battle upon the confines

of civilization. And thus we always find it. The great man appears upon the stage at the precise time he is required and neither sooner nor later; for he comes to represent an idea and must therefore come at the precise time at which that idea is ripe for development. "To say," remarks Guizot, "why a great man appears on the stage at a certain epoch is beyond our power; it is the secret of Providence; but the fact is still certain." It is worthy of remark that the greatest men have been more or less fatalists; the error is in the form, not at the foundation of the thought. Certain it is that the great man possesses a superior power, and his sign is success, for humanity must prevail and through its great representatives. Now follow Washington through all his perils and vicissitudes, through the storms of adversity, and no wonder that he goes through unscathed, for he is liberty and humanity; and humanity, we repeat, must ultimately prevail. Moreover there has been such an era before, there has been an era overcast with the gloom of hierarchal despotism, and you might expect in such a time that the "soul of the age" would be up and wrestling hard with the spirits of darkness, and you are not disappointed; the soul of the age rises before you, and the banner is flung to the breeze, and on it is inscribed "THE SOUL OF THE NEW AGE:"—it is Luther and Calvin and Knox that you see before you.

Now this idea may take on many forms, it may be embodied in Literature, in Philosophy, Poetry, and Religion, as well as civil and ecclesiastical reformations, and some of these elements are less favourable to the production of heroes.

War develops splendid heroes, for here the spirits of two nations contend in royal arbitrement. The glory of Plataea and Salamis will never be effaced from the memory of man. To the mere philanthropist the spectacle is awfully cruel; the clash of steel, then the torrent of life-blood, and the groans of the dying, wring his heart with sorrow and pity. Not so the philosopher; he weeps, but he smiles through his tears. Here great interests are at stake, great principles involved, issues which shall change the whole face of civilization; all is for the cause, all for *humanity*, nothing for men. Besides the result is always for the best; no great battle was ever lost by humanity. We may see then how Napoleon arose; the crisis came, and the soul of

the age took its abode in him; and it is no matter whether the Corsican general lived or not, for the battle of Waterloo must be fought—if not by him, still by a Napoleon.

As PHILOSOPHY is the most complete summary of humanity, and at the same time opens the widest scope for reflection and genius, it combines most harmoniously generality with individuality; hence it follows that the largest field for heroes is in philosophy. And as literature is the sole vehicle of philosophy, poetry, religion, and all other elements of a people's IDEA, we may expect literature to reflect most distinctly that idea; and when we say reflect, it is implied that a great writer is the mirror of that idea. Who can fail to see the reflection of a wealthy, commercial nation, in the political economy of Adam Smith? His Wealth of Nations could not have been produced before; its elements were undigested, and the public mind unprepared to receive it. And why did Erasmus retain his greatness amid all his vacillations? Because his character was the impress of his age: it was a time of revolutions, a time of perpetual conflict and change of opinions.

No writer better represents his age than Shakspeare; and of Lope de Vega, Calderon and Cervantes, D'Israeli remarks "that they were Spaniards before they were men of genius." The same writer justly asks, "did Machiavel form his age, or did the age create Machiavel?" We say emphatically it was the age. His was an era of assassination and intrigue; it was the want of political freedom that gave his genius its impulse, and nerved his arm to expose a "cabinet of banditti." We know moreover that the Inferno of Dante originated in his times; that it was caught from the popular superstitions of the day, preceded by the diabolical visions which the monks had forged to suit their private interests. In fine almost any work of genius will show the same principle.

In considering this subject, we are apt to fall into the common error of confounding the wants of an age with its dislikes. Socrates taught the Athenians his divine philosophy, and in return they poisoned him. So much greater the necessity for a Socrates.

Let us not be deceived however; though our theory be correct in the main, we must not view every great man as an exact exponent of the state of civilization in his own im-



mediate age : this is exclusively true in philosophy. "We cannot help remarking," says a writer on popular ignorance, "what a deception we suffer to pass on us from history. It celebrates some period in a nation's career as pre-eminently illustrious for magnanimity, lofty enterprise, literature and original genius. There was perhaps a learned and vigorous monarch, and there were Cecils and Walsinghams, and Shakspeares and Spencers, and Raleighs and Sidneys, with many other powerful actors and thinkers to render it the proudest age of our national glory. The ethereal summits of a tract of the moral world are fair and conspicuous in the lustre of heaven, and we take no thought of the immensely greater proportion which is sunk in gloom and covered with fogs." Yet it is not less true that such men originate in their age. The more wide-spread the gloom which overhangs the mass, the greater is the want and the call for some great spirit, and humanity will always produce him when the soul of the age is ready to throw off its chrysalis coat. The coming of our Saviour illustrates this admirably, if it be right to consider him as a Hero who is God himself. And this brings us to the second part of our subject bearing directly upon the point at issue.

There are great men who live behind and in advance of their age in a figurative sense. These, as we said before, can be only poets and philosophers. They are the twilight which precedes the dawn and lingers after the setting of civilization. No great man can live behind his age, except he be a poet. Milton is a fair specimen. We doubt with Milton the poet whether he did not live "in an age too late." He was emphatically a man of two ages. In the great "conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice," he was both the product and the man of his age. As another instance we cite Adam Smith. A very few years ago, his philosophy met with little reception; Pitt and Fox, we are told, declared it past their comprehension. Now a common-rate statesman will relish and understand it. Now the question arises, "Was Adam Smith the product of his age?" The pertinent reply is, "Was the age the product of Adam Smith?" Any objection which holds against the one premise must make the other untenable. Let it be observed that "it is not fair to judge of the progress of any

science by its practical results." Before a man of science can reach the zenith of his influence the age must be prepared for him. If the truths he discovers be too early advanced they will be cast back into the obscurity of antiquity. They must be gradually diffused, and wrought into the texture of the higher literature. It is possible, therefore, that great truths may have made considerable progress, and yet manifest themselves in no existing institutions.

One word here in vindication of Humanity, and we leave this part of our essay. It is frequently objected to the view we have taken, that it robs a great man of his glory: for if the Law of Gravitation had not been discovered by Newton, it would have been by a quasi Newton. Now, in the first place, the supposition is impossible, and therefore cannot shake the truth; and in the second place, viewing Newton as the minister of Nature, his glory consists in *his* being the *chosen vessel*, in the manner in which he discharges its functions, and in the zeal, study and faithfulness which he, of his *own free will*, brings to bear upon his high duties.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Here is all the glory that a finite being can enjoy, yea it is a transcendent glory, it is the universal voice of humanity and of an age and of a sympathising people.

We have already transgressed the limits assigned in the beginning of our essay. We did intend to trace the influence of a great man on his age, but time forbids. This is by far the easiest and most pleasant part of our task. If a great man be the representative of his age, we might expect a strong sympathy between them: he sweeps the "string, to which, when struck, the human heart is so made as to answer." Every individual has his sphere of influence and action, but who can appreciate the power and the charm of a great man. The principles for which martyrs and warriors have died, the truths which have "sicklied o'er" the brow of the philosopher "with the pale cast of thought," have wrought themselves within our inner texture and woven the "living clothing" of the deity.

P.

## Rudolstein,

OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Nightingale that sing'st so sweetly  
 On the linden's topmost bough,  
 Tell me of my own dear lady  
 Say—where is the maiden now?  
     Dwells she still  
     By the hill  
 In the dale where flowerets blow?

“In the wood, green leaves are springing,  
 On the trees small birds are singing;  
 Many a dale hath flowers I trow,  
 Say—what damsel meanest thou?”

Nightingale—thy gentle warbling  
 Hath a soft and plaintive tone;  
 But the music of her singing,  
 Bird—surpasseth far thine own,  
     Dwells she still,  
     By the hill:  
 Where the shallow brooklets flow  
 In the dale where flowerets blow?

“As I flew o'er Picardie  
 Many a league beyond the sea;  
 Where the wide-spread vineyards grow,  
 And the earliest roses blow;  
 Once I heard a maiden fair  
 Singing slow a plaintive air,  
 And oh! the music of her voice!  
     My tongue could never tell  
 With what a wond'rous melody,  
 The sound of her sweet minstrelsy  
     Re-echoed in the dell;  
 But this I tell thee Rudolstein,  
 Of this thy love,—if she be thine;  
 That her sweet voice surpasseth mine,  
 As do the glorious stars that shine  
     In silent majesty,  
 Surpass the dim uncertain sign  
 Which gleams reflected in the brine  
     Of the wide rolling sea.

By a mossy fountain stone,  
 Sat the maiden all alone;  
 And while plaiting garlands gay,  
 Thus she sang her roundelay.

'Oh tell him love is with me yet,  
 Ah me! the summer flowers,  
 Oh say that I can ne'er forget—  
 Ah me! those golden hours,  
 I would the Count were by my side,  
 Ah me! the summer flowers,  
 In all the glow of youthful pride  
 To claim me as his willing bride,  
 Ah me! the summer flowers.'

Fly back to the maiden once more my bird,  
 And say that my wand'rings are o'er;  
 E'er the roses be gone or the vintage have come  
 The Count will return to his love and his home,  
 And wander afar no more.

Thus end I the lay of Count Rudolstein—  
 How like you the ditty—fair lady-love mine?

Carlos.

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### THE THREE ESSAYISTS.

Of the many essayists that have flourished during the present century, Carlyle, Macaulay and North stand pre-eminent, not only for the peculiarities of their different styles, but also for their own individual merits. In Macaulay we find the historical writer and elegant essayist, whose style, formed by a severe study of the classic models, is well adapted to such subjects. In Carlyle we see the wild, yet deep, "speculative radical" closely following, and ultimately transcending his master Coleridge, in imitating the German style; full of quaint and antiquated ideas, collected from some musty manuscript, or long forgotten tome, and burnished up in such a manner as to delight the lover of the wild and grotesque. And in North we behold a truly English writer, of great descriptive powers, fond of rural scenery, and like Sir Thomas Browne, whom he in some respects closely resembles, is "*a pleasant egotist*." Each of these three great essayists excel in their peculiar style, nor can we point out any one of them as superior to the rest. First we have Carlyle, the friend of the great Schiller, deeply read in German philosophy and romance, bear-

ing with him hundreds of little old fashioned ideas, which he has dusted and polished up, and now sends forth to the world in a new garb. His first work, a biography of Schiller, was written in the Addisonian style, from which he afterwards departed, and took up the Anglo-German phraseology, which he still uses. Johnson says, "One of the amusements of idleness, is reading without the fatigue of close attention; consequently, the world swarms with writers whose wish it is not to be studied, but to be read." But Carlyle cannot be classed among these, for his works require the deepest thought, and cannot be comprehended at a single glance, as can the major part of the puny publications of the day.

The mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will, of itself, shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth. And so, to use his own words as applied to Richter, we think that his writings, "in the moral desert of vulgar literature, with its sandy wastes, and parched, bitter, and too often poisoned shrubs," "will rise in their irregular luxuriance, like a cluster of date trees, with its greensward and well of water, to refresh the pilgrim in sultry solitudes with nourishment and shade."

Secondly we have Macaulay, "whose style is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person," and who, by the publication of his works, has fixed a new era in the literary annals of his country. His genius was not of that precocious growth which forces itself prematurely into public notice: and it was only by the patient culture of it, that he has at last earned for himself those never-fading laurels which now surround his brow. Of Macaulay's merits as a historian, it does not become us to express a decided opinion; sufficient is it to say, that the general strain of his composition is flowing, equal, and majestic. In comparing his turn of expression with that of some of the great classical writers of England and Scotland, a difference may, we think, be perceived, originating in the situation of the country where he received his education and spent his life. But among writers of the same style, it would be difficult to find his equal.

Lastly, we have North, who has embodied a number of descriptive scenes in his volumes. There is certainly much

that is interesting and instructive in them. He indulges, however, in some peculiarities which detract from the pleasure of many readers. There is at times an affectation and an egotism of style, not possessing any very repulsive features, and yet unworthy of him. In some of his works he has described the rural scenery with true poetic feeling: and as a great writer has said, "if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature; to have made *this* the ruling, the habitual sentiment of his mind, is to have laid the foundation of every thing that is beautiful. The world from thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration."

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## EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER VII.

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"All over doth this outer Earth  
 An inner Earth unfold,  
 And sounds may reach us of its mirth,  
 Over its pales of gold.  
 There spirits dwell—unwedded all  
 From the shades and shapes they wore,  
 Though still their printless footsteps fall  
 By the hearths they loved before."

ANONYMOUS.

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How gloriously the scenes of the Invisible World burst upon my eyes. All nature seemed transfigured and idealized, yet still the same. Thousands of strange, unearthly forms of every size and shape were floating around me. Myriads of bright and beautiful spirits with sunlight wings, were floating here and there. The sylphs and glendoveers smiled a welcome upon me as my eyes were opened to behold them, and the strange sprites who, unseen, are ever about us, watching our bodies and feeding the Archæus of our life-spring, and whose destinies are connected with our own—the Lares and Penates of the human frame—these too welcomed me, and cried aloud, "So! seest thou for the first time those who have watched thee so long?" And

with a confiding innocent look, they drew near me and stood by my side.

At the same time I became sensible of the fact that my power of vision was to a vast degree unlimited. I could pierce through the round material earth, and gaze upon the busy gnomes and earth-spirits who were groping far, far beneath my feet; and deeper still, I beheld the immense fountains of fire which are ever heaving, and groaning, and straining to burst their bonds. And I saw too the myriads of salamanders and fire-spirits, whose task it is to restrain the fury of the flames, until the last day, when the word shall go forth and the world be destroyed.

And I could hear the sphere-music of creation sounding and pealing around me—that sphere-music which was heard by Plato of old in dreams; how gloriously did it sound,—that infinite harmony, compared with which all earthly music seemed but as a dim-reflected echo; that music\* “to the sound of which the sun and the moon and the stars dance their mighty round through the heavens.” I could see through the thick walls which surrounded me,—through the green hills and mountains, far, far away into distant lands and countries. Seated in my chamber, with Zalus by my side, I could see the windings of many a golden river in the distant regions of the south; I could see the Nile and the Ganges, the Indus and the Euphrates, and the countries which they watered. And I could see too the men which dwell in this broad earth, and all their manifold actions. And then I looked upon the silent hill-sides and dusky glens, and saw the ouphes and fairies dancing in their magic rings; I could see the naiads and undines floating over fountain and river, and hear them calling in silver tones on one another.

Then I ventured to gaze yet further into the Infinite, and strove to read the secrets of the starry lands above. And there I beheld many strange and beautiful forms clad in gold and azure, flitting from planet to planet and soaring over the Abyss. And they, too, like the good spirits around me, were engaged in the thousand-fold occupation of love and mercy—breathing kind and happy thoughts into the minds of life-weary mortals, and teaching the new denizens

\* Orphic Hymn.

of their own world the onward path to new scenes of glory.

Long did I gaze upon the glorious view which was thus shown me ; and then turned for the first time to Zalus who was standing by me, watching the effect which so many wonders had produced, and then asked, "How is it, that although I see all Space filled with spirits of every rank and order, I can observe none of those places which we are taught to consider as the abode of the blessed or cursed?"

"Look!" observed Zalus, "Do you see that beautiful spirit borne on airy wings who is soaring over the Abyss and flying earthward with the speed of the wind—observe the seraphic beauty of her countenance, and the more than earthly feeling of joyous exultation which it expresses. He is bearing a message of mercy and forgiveness to a dying yet repentant sinner—where *he* is, there is Heaven. And *there*," continued my friend, pointing to a solitary spirit whose countenance expressed the very intensity of unearthly misery and desolation—"there is *Hell*."

"But do not imagine," continued Zalus, "that the good because they are happy by themselves are on that account solitary—no, from the latest dweller in the spiritual firmament to the great archangels whose dwelling is by the throne of God, there are pleasures arising from love and sympathy, of whose greatness you as being yet a mortal can form no idea—yet look I pray you upon those far off islands of the blest in the distant Indian Sea, where the tinkling music of the dropping waters keeps time with the choral harmony of the Invisible World. See the golden palm trees, bending and waving before the sweet scented evening breeze, and how the setting sun bathes all in a flood of crimson glowing light, while here and there flit the glorious forms of Peri, Glendoveer and Sylph, and with them you see the less beautiful spirits of those who, though while they were dwellers on earth, held to a religion which partook more of the spirit of dreamy poetry than of true belief, have nevertheless for their pure and upright lives been raised to that state of happiness for which they so fondly hoped while dwellers here below. Such is the heaven of the Hindoo, and in such a paradise will he long linger until the last earthly feeling is rent away, and a desire is awakened in him for those higher scenes of happiness of which we have spoken."



And as Zalus uttered these last words, a sad and mournful feeling stole over me. It became deeper and deeper and increased to agony; I burst into a flood of tears, and then exclaimed, "Oh that I too were freed from this earthly prison—oh that I might mingle with those bright beings and forget the cares of this dark life!"

And as I spoke my eyes met those of Zalus, which were fixed upon me with an earnest and pitying expression, and as I gazed he placed his hand upon my head and passed it over my eyes—then the scene gradually faded away, and with it the recollection of the glories which I had beheld. Of all the bright and glowing forms which I had lately seen, there remained but a dim and imperfect remembrance—such a one as I have here given.

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#### POLAND.

The advocates of free institutions and liberal principles have a reasonable claim upon the approbation and patronage of the American people. The successful contender, for the equal rights of all men, finds a befitting reward for his labours, in the triumph of this great and glorious principle. He who is unsuccessful in the same cause, whose most strenuous efforts to advance the principles of republicanism are overborne, while his views are misrepresented and his character defamed, must look for his reward in the sympathies of a nation alive to the blessings of liberty. It is only when the friends of liberty throughout the world become sensible of this truth, that their cause is common, and their interests the same, that we may look for the political regeneration of the world. Until they act upon the principle, of sustaining and upholding each other, but little can be accomplished in the great cause to which they profess attachment. Distracted efforts, however multiplied, can never restore to man his birthright and elevate him to his true dignity. No apology, therefore, need be made for bringing our present subject before the reader. The writer is conscious, that if it were possible to exhaust it, this would have been

done long ago. It is, however, inexhaustible, being one of the few subjects which never lose their interest; and in addition it is one which should be kept constantly before the public mind. This naturally follows from the introductory remarks, inasmuch as a frequent contemplation of the injustice which has been so wantonly inflicted upon Poland, serves to awaken our sympathies for the oppressed, and call forth our just indignation against her oppressors. Such a contemplation throws light also upon the policy of the Russian government; and a more iniquitous and illiberal policy no government has ever adopted; aiming as she has done to reduce an entire nation, whose only crime was an ardent attachment to the principles of civil and religious liberty, to the condition not of subjects but of slaves. The mercenary hordes of her soldiery have laid desolate the once happy country of Poland; they have taken away her laws, demolished her institutions, and would annihilate even her name.

It seldom falls to the lot of any nation to suffer so many and at the same time such aggravated wrongs. Justice is not always triumphant. The history of the world furnishes many striking exemplifications of this truth. The fate of Poland herself is a melancholy proof of it. If indeed the weak, with justice on their side, had always been able to resist the aggressions of a more powerful enemy, Poland would now be free, and the oppressors humbled in the dust. But alas! how widely different is the case.

No people ever armed themselves for a nobler purpose. They did not struggle for conquest or to gratify the ambition of unprincipled rulers. And if they fought with the fierceness of tigers it was because they fought for liberty. If the tender female forsook her domestic duties, and exchanged the quiet seclusion of the fireside for the strife of battle, it was because all that makes life dear depended on the issue. If the old man forgot the infirmities of age, and went forth with a firm and elastic step to meet a mercenary foe, it was because age had failed to extinguish his patriotism, and the vigour of his youth returned in view of a contest which involved the very existence of his nation. To love the land of our nativity is a part of our nature. We cling to it first and last, and while true to ourselves we will guard its honour and interests.

How true to their country and to themselves the Poles have been ! Amid all her misfortunes they have remained steadfast. With what honest pride may they point to the history even of her darkest days. Her little armies have stood untterrified surrounded by dangers, and met death undismayed. Let him, who would find examples of individual patriotism, go to her history. The very soil is hallowed with the blood of her patriots. Every mountain is sacred to the memories of her departed heroes, and every valley has reverberated with their praises. There is a glory enveloping the history of such a country that time can never remove ; there is a charm lingering around the lives of such men that will ever please.

If such be the character of the Poles, and such their present condition, how interesting the inquiry whether they will ever regain their independence ! The mind asks itself whether it be possible that power shall forever triumph over justice ? Shall Russia maintain possession of a country to which she has not even the shadow of a claim ?—turning the garden into a desert, and filling a land of peace and plenty with poverty and woe. To these questions all our ideas of justice and nature herself forbid an affirmation. It cannot be denied, however, that there are some things connected with the present condition of Poland, which a superficial observer would imagine must blast the fond hopes of her most sanguine friends. The immense power of the Russian nation, her great resources, the sleepless care with which she watches every movement of the Poles, and the thousand other precautions she takes to make permanent her dominion, are all adduced as incontestable evidence that the fires of liberty shall never be rekindled. Miserable comforters ! It must be remembered that the last revolution was organized when the vigilance of the government might have prevented it, and when its cruelty might have overawed the disaffected, if vigilance and cruelty could have effected anything. This showed plainly how ineffectual every attempt must be to keep in subordination an oppressed people, determined to assert their rights. It was not a mere outbreak, confined to a single district, or extending at most to a few thousands of the populace. So thought not the Grand Duke when in dismay and terror he fled from the palace ; so thought not the Empe-

ror when his army met with a most inglorious defeat. That army, multitudinous as it was, escaped the vengeance of the Poles—their superiors in skill and bravery—only by the traitorous conduct of the commanding officer of the latter, himself a Russian.

Baffled as they have been, in their efforts to throw off the yoke of Russia, and bleeding as they do under the disastrous consequences of these failures, it is perhaps no marvel that the timid conclude that the struggles of Poland have ended. But how greatly do they mistake the character of this brave people, who imagine they have given themselves over to despair and listless inaction. The idea that the Poles will, in a few years at most, become reconciled to the present government, is not unfrequently advanced. There seems to be, however, but little foundation for such an opinion, and it is believed that a single glance at a few facts will show the great improbability of its truth. Not to mention the mutual and irreconcilable enmity of the two nations, we still find, in the means by which Russia obtained possession of Poland and in those means adopted to perpetuate her power, abundant cause for the continued hostility of the latter. Besides, the immense amount of property confiscated by the government, property which ought in justice and humanity to support the widow and orphan of the exile, is an additional reason of no small force, for this hostility.

In France there is a committee composed of the first men of the Polish nation, whose active efforts keep alive in the bosoms of their countrymen a proper sense of the injustice they suffer and the rights and privileges to which nature entitles them. Well does Russia know that this committee is not inactive. They republish the works of their own authors, which the government in her wisdom has seen fit to destroy; and these, with books of a like character, are circulated over the country, and thus become the silent and unseen messengers of food to inflame and exasperate the public mind. This is a work which neither the vigilance of the police nor the tyranny of the despot can prevent; a work too, the effects of which may yet make the throne of that despot tremble. Their agents and public lecturers visit our own and other countries, and by a simple and eloquent story of Russian injustice, and the multiplied wrongs

Poland has suffered, awaken a deep interest in behalf of their countrymen. How have our legislatures and the best men in the nation responded to the eloquent appeals of the present agent\* of this committee in this country. The response is alike honourable to him and to ourselves, declaring as it does that our warmest sympathies are with him, and the cause he advocates. In this general and unanimous expression of sympathy for the Poles, and in this equally general and unanimous condemnation pronounced on the policy of the Russian government, we trust may be read the speedy deliverance of Poland. Nor is this "hoping against hope." It must not be forgotten that "there is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations." The ancient spirit of this people is still alive, and no despotism of rulers can annihilate their love of liberty. They are still the descendants of Kosciusko and Pulaski, men whose memory they will cherish and whose glorious deeds they will emulate until the sun himself shall fade. Vain are the attempts to crush this spirit, which has survived and flourished amid the disasters that have overwhelmed the institutions of Poland. A spirit destined, if necessary, to outlive her language and every monument of her former greatness; and not only to live, but to animate the heart and nerve the arm of the Pole until his country shall be redeemed, and "take her stand among the nations of the earth."

F.

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### EDITORS' TABLE. *By the Editor*

Ecce iterum Crispinus! The Monthly again! Indeed it must be provoking to those who wish ill of our little magazine, to see with what a pertinacity it clings to life; and that not a mere galvanized, spasmodic life, but genuine, efficient, vital action. The prospects of the Nassau Monthly, we can truly say, were never more encouraging. Its voyage thus far has been prosperous, although at times, it must be confessed, somewhat squally. We have seen other craft driven back to port by stress of weather, but we ourselves are still

\* Major G. Tochman.

in trim and if our patrons will but "raise the wind" they will certainly find us sea-worthy.

To our immediate predecessors we tender our hearty thanks for their exertions in behalf of the Monthly. We cheerfully bear witness to the success of those exertions. We into whose hands it has now come in the revolution of ages, will emulate their example. We have taken the official oath that we will "to the best of our ability preserve, protect and defend" the trust committed to us. The present editors we might modestly remark "for the information of country papers," are men of learning

"Who have read every text and gloss over"

—of eloquence

"—— Who cannot open  
Their mouths, but out there flies a trope"

—of inexhaustible wit, although they may be

"—— very shy of using it,  
As being loath to wear it out."

In short, to sum up this infinite series of excellencies

"They know what's what and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly."

(Hudibras is our favourite author.) The Editors individually would not say the above, all who are experienced in editorial duties must acknowledge that such attainments are very necessary to a proper valuation of the divers small-wares of the editor's pigeon-hole, which in the endless variety of its contents we might liken to a Jewish pedlar's trunk.

To take up a more serious strain, we desire to make an earnest appeal to our graduated brethren and to the students of College. To you who have left these classic walks hallowed by the footprints of so many illustrious men, we desire most especially to present claims which will secure your favourable consideration. With you College life has ended. Its petty cares, its real and imaginary anxieties, its heart aches and head aches, its "jests and youthful jollity," all these you have renounced for the high and solemn duties of real life, the perplexities of busy manhood, and the responsibilities of citizenship. While thus you are pressing forward through the dirt and heat of life, like an Olympic combatant, to the goal of your hopes, do you never revert to the days of your studious youth? Is no pleasant and shadow-like reminiscence of College-life ever reflected from the past? Has not the transition from the College stage to the world's greater stage made you wiser by many

a lesson? Do you not feel that you have seen and gathered much that it would afford you pleasure to impart, and us instruction to acquire? Should a desire thus arise to be present in the spirit, although absent in the body, with your successors at Nassau Hall, the Monthly will furnish a mode of conveyance for your mind if not for your person. You can make it a kind of intellectual stage coach, in which there shall ever be a seat for your ideas. To drop the comparison, for pursuing it further would make the Editors hack-drivers, your contributions will always be welcome to our pages.

To the under-graduates we say the Monthly is altogether yours—yours by creation, and should all foreign aid fail, it must be yours by support. We may talk as we list about it, but the friends of the College abroad will persist to gauge the intellect of the students of Nassau Hall by the quality of the Nassau Monthly, as “by a geometric scale.” Every motive, then, of honour or interest should urge you to sustain your publication and give it a character by which it shall not only be enabled to pass decent muster in the army of periodicals but have a position assigned to it in the advance guard. To revert to a metaphor employed above (for after a calculation of profits and losses our *figurative* style should be excused) we have fairly launched upon the waters—shall our course be onward or shall we be swept down the stream a prey to fortune?

We earnestly and respectfully invoke the aid of our graduate brethren, but we *rely* upon that of the students. They can assist us in a two-fold manner—by subscription and by the contribution of articles. “To be or not to be” a subscriber rests with the private views of each man. If he declines, we tell him that our terms compared with other magazines of equal size are merely nominal—that the same number of shillings many a time and oft glides through his fingers as glib as air or water, leaving no trace behind save a vanishing tickle of pleasure on the palate. If these things do not move him, then daggers ought to be—looked, not used. Still the man’s motives are private and personal. He cannot be justly asked to disclose them. But when he declines furnishing literary aid we think it his duty to show cause for so doing. Most are of the same opinion and therefore offer nominal justifications of their conduct. The most popular is the antediluvian exclamation—I have no time. We say the most popular, because ‘I have no time to write,’ always implies ‘I can write’—and none would make a downright acknowledgment of his inability to pen a

short essay. Therefore it is that so many with a Sir Oracle-like arching of the eyebrows and shrugging of the shoulders, put off our request with — 'I have no time,' uttered in an air so frigid that one might suppose their food was icicles and snow. Then they strut away with the majesty of Jove or of a peacock, and leave us to admire the greatness of a man who has ideas in his head but a "most plentiful lack" of time in which to write them down. If the men who make this plea would journalize the events of a day, and compare their diary with the sober London citizens in the Spectator, they would find that citizen and student alike pass their days in a torpid paralyzed state of suspended animation. These remarks may appear harsh, but we make them with deliberate malice aforethought, because they who offer this idle plea are almost invariably the men who misspend and scandalize their time. The wise man who realizes that time is the seed-field of the soul, knows that it will yield a harvest exactly proportionate to the diligence of the husbandman. He knows that in Now repose the significance and solution of the problem of life.

Against many other of the current pleas we desire to enter a caveat. But want of room compels us to postpone for the present their consideration. We must hasten to a conclusion, as the snail said to the arrow. After tasting the delicacies which the present number of the Monthly affords, our guests will not relish too much editorial table-cloth.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

What can be the sensations of a would-be contributor, who, glowing with joyous anticipation, opens our Monthly fully expecting to find his article a leader at least. He is disappointed;—but perhaps it is further on. He examines several pages, and no traces of it appear,

"By hope emboldened on he rushes."

At last an idea bursts upon his mind—he turns over half a dozen leaves at once, and finds after his "wild hunt" a small fragment of the game cornered in our "Notice."

We have thus been compelled to act towards the effusions of a free and easy gentleman, who writes with blue ink and a bad pen, and signs himself "Thermopylæ." Here is an extract:

"Well,—last vacation, when I was at home,  
I paid Miss Annabel a morning visit;  
And when the nigger ope'd the parlour door,  
I heard her boller out—"Why, Tom, who is it?"  
But soon that portal yawned, and in I shoved  
To gaze upon the form of her I loved."

"CADMUS" is informed that it would not be an eighth wonder of the world, if he should ultimately succeed as an Essayist. His style, which is not displeasing, and the probability of his making it his "AIM IN LIFE," will insure his success.

"MIDNIGHT SILENCE," is respectfully declined. The article is not without merit, but we would advise the writer to make himself familiar with the "terra firma" of prose, before soaring into the airy regions of poesy.

All other articles are respectfully declined.



